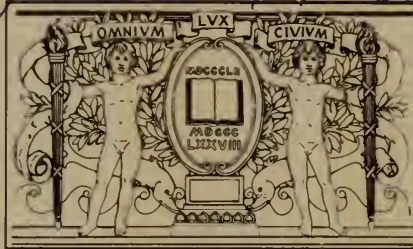


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EXPLANATION  
OF THE  
Japanese \* Village  
And its Inhabitants.



[From the Boston Sunday Herald.]

## THE JAPANESE VILLAGE.

A Letter endorsing it written by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes visited the hall one day last week and was so well pleased with the display and the faithful manner in which the managers kept their advance promises that he wrote the following letter of endorsement:

"I have been delighted with the Japanese exhibition, and I do not like to think that any of my friends and fellow-citizens should miss seeing it. Many Americans have visited Japan to study that most interesting country—its remarkable people, and their wonderful works and ways. Those who can spare a few months of their time and a thousand or two dollars may enjoy the same privilege. But here we have Japan brought to our own doors. One is ashamed to speak of the cost of admission without apologizing for its insignificance, as the modest father apologized for the minute dimensions of his infant at its funeral. It is a luxury to get rid of one of those odious and repulsive rags which infects a pocket-book and calls itself a dollar, receiving for it a ticket of admission and half its nominal value in clean and wholesome silver. For this trifling sum the disinfected purchaser finds himself in a street of a city of Japan, in the midst of a small native population of men, women and children. He hears its musical language spoken all around him; he sees its ingenious artisans at work just as if they were in their own shops at Nagasaki or Yokohama. I used to read in my school days that the Japanese did everything in a way just the opposite of our own. The first thing I saw on entering the lower hall was the cabinet maker drawing his plane toward himself instead of pushing it as our workmen do. The next odd thing was the sight of a workman polishing a flat surface by rolling a handful of round beads over it. Presently I was shown a boy's kite shaped like a section of a stove funnel, a hollow cylinder about a foot long. What would our boys say to a kite like that?—one which is said to be have perfectly without any "bobs" or tail to steady it. Better than these surprises it was to see the various artists at their work—the potter at his wheel, the spinner drawing his thread, the weaver adjusting warp and woof, and, best of all, the painter with his delicate brush, the worker in cloisonne pottery, stripping his little bits of sheet brass and fixing them in place, all the preliminary stages which are ended when the beautiful vase emerges with its exquisite figures and gleaming polish—a wonder in the workshops of our self-satisfied civilization. It would be a pity for any intelligent grown person or boy or girl, whose milk teeth are getting their substitutes, to miss seeing all these and the other sights, not forgetting the ladies and the cups of their home-made tea which they offer, and the Japanese baby who looks and acts so much like the children of Adam in our own nurseries. Japan will leave America while some of our good people are thinking about visiting it at Horticultural Hall, and they will regret all their lives long not having seen it.

Boston, Feb. 20, 1886.

"O. W. H."





# Japanese \* Village \* Company.

FRED. H. DEAKIN, President.

HARRY DEAKIN,  
Business Manager, United States

WALTER DEAKIN,  
Business Manager, Japan.

BEFORE the beginning of this realistic drama of Japanese house life, it is well to take into consideration the causes and incidents which have led to its production on American soil. Every enterprise, every great achievement, has first been an idea before it has become an assured fact, and been wrought out with exceeding patience and skill.

Thus it is with this remarkable "JAPANESE VILLAGE." An idea of this description cannot be conceived and brought forth in a day. It must come as the result of many peculiar circumstances, extending over a weary length of time. And for years this has been the pet project of the Deakin Brothers, who by determined effort and unflinching zeal have finally produced, in its entirety, this *faithful representation of the domestic arts of Japan.*

The original firm consisted of Walter and Frederic Deakin—one of the very first to engage in importing Japanese goods into San Francisco, their original location being, as far back as 1871, at 638 Sacramento Street, and later on at No. 4 New Montgomery street, under the Palace Hotel. But finding they could do better by becoming their own importers, the lot fell to F. H. Deakin to go to Japan, to become resident partner, to select and export goods to America. In order to secure the goods most desirable, they then added a manufacturing branch to their business house, engaging the finest Japanese artisans in the island for the purpose. At the present time they are carrying on a "Fine Art Depot" in Yokohama, having for sale the products of three hundred workmen.

It was from this enterprise that the "Japanese Village" came to have an existence. For gradually, the idea grew that such a scene as that daily presented among their workers, transported to America, giving Japanese art in all its processes, from the first step to a conclusion,





would be an achievement worthy of the enterprise of an American citizen, and one in which he might be pardoned for taking considerable pride. And the matter of pride has been a more potent factor than that of money in the working out of this project, for the emporium in Japan has to stand sponsor to the child under all circumstances.

For the past five years the scheme has been definitely planned, and the firm increased by the addition of Harry Deakin, making the "Japanese Village," in its present state of perfection, the result of the united efforts of three brothers. Walter remains in Yokohama to advance all necessary materials, and manage the Emporium there; Frederick travels in charge of the bazaar, having personal management of the Japanese, for which he is remarkably adapted, having a perfect understanding of their language, and a keen sense of their peculiarities; and Harry Deakin, the well-known theatrical manager, late of Deakin's Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., and Deakin's Lilliputian Opera Co., has charge of the business and advertising.

The finest skilled labor in Japan has been selected to people this little Japanese village, and native materials have been specially gathered—doors, mats, samples, wares and tools, of a thousand descriptions—amounting in all to fifty tons, the whole being transported and produced in its present condition, at enormous expense.

Not the least of the difficulties connected with this enterprise has been the human side of the question—the management of the little brown people so busy at work. That they may be contented, their wives, and in several cases, their children, have been brought along, and when any of them becomes homesick, he is immediately returned to his native land, and another sent to take his place.

Taken all together, the outlay of patience, time, business sagacity and courage, to say nothing of the monetary side of the question, makes this a stupendous enterprise, and as a result cannot fail to mark a new era in its impress upon the American public, which for the first time gazes upon the revealed secrets of Japanese art.





## DOMESTIC DRAMA

OF

# Japanese Life.

### \* CHARACTERS. \*

#### LOWER HALL.

- No. 1. Cabinet Makers.
- No. 2. Silk Reeling.  
Silk Twisting.
- No. 3. Silk Weaving.
- No. 4. Kakemono Painters.
- No. 5. Barber; Lady Hair Dresser.
- No. 6. Rice Ornament Makers.
- No. 7. Doguya; Curio Store.
- No. 8. Archery.

#### UPPER HALL.

- No. 9. Silk Embroidery Department.
- No. 10. Bishu Porcelain Decoration.
- No. 11. The Tailors.
- Nos. 12 & 13. Shippo, or Cloisonne Manufacturers.  
The Coppermith.  
The Shippo Designer.
- No. 14. Ladies of the Tea House.
- No. 15. Rapid Sketch Artists.
- No. 16. Bronze Modeler.  
Bronze Finishers.
- No. 17. Potters; Ota Pottery Decorators.
- No. 18. Screen and Kakemono Makers.
- No. 19. Satsuma Decorators.
- No. 20. Wood Carving, etc.



## HORTICULTURAL \* LOWER \* HALL.

### No. 1. The Cabinet Maker.

Here is a peep into a carpenter shop. But lo and behold! the workmen do all their work sitting upon the floor. Of course! this is the way they do everything. They don't own such a thing in common every-day life as a chair, and prefer to sit down rather than to stand up, as we do. In stockings of a peculiar mitten shape, or barefooted, they sit down in the midst of their shavings, and deftly work out their designs. But it seems strange to see that one pulls *back* the plane, instead of pushing it *forward*, as we do. But what sharp tools he has! and what marvelous ribbons of redwood or Oregon pine he passes around as samples of the Japanese art of planing! These shavings, one pink, the other white, are as fine as lace work.

Now he must use his saw. Is he going to put his work on a saw-horse or carpenter's bench? Nay, this is not Oriental. He lays the board upon the floor, a little raised on his block, holds it firm in place with his left foot, and bending his head down to the floor, and making a singular loop of his entire body, he saws away free and unconstrained in this peculiar attitude. The block might serve for a pedestal, the easy pose and brown figure for a model in bronze. The other worker, an older man, is busy hollowing out a log of wood for the coppersmith. See! here comes the coppersmith himself, to scan the work and see if it is being done to suit him.

### No. 2. Silk Reeling Department.

The human interest attached to this booth always draws a wondering throng. The real Japanese baby, on its mother's back, is a sort of central sun to the eyes bent upon it, while the good natured little hoy, who sometimes carries his infant sister or brother securely fastened upon his own little back, is no less an object of curious interest. Meanwhile the wheels are flying, set in motion by a busy hand, and the mother of the babies tries to mend a broken thread. This combination of wheels, large and small, is for the purpose of re-reeling the raw silk and making a firmer strand. Again it breaks, and again she detaches the little wheel from the movement, and fastens once more, then sets the wheel gaily whirling again. Very noticeable is the fashion of the hair of the silk reeler. It takes hours to dress it in that style, and to keep it in all its fancy design, the poor woman sacrifices her rest at night, sleeping with a block of wood set directly beneath the back of the neck, that it may last for several days. The dress is much more to be desired, however, as it is comfortable beyond description, especially for home wear, as many Americans can testify. The next step is the





### Silk Twisting.

It is a peculiar sort of a machine used in this process. It is worked by hand, the green cords turning the bamboo bobbins, which lead off sidewise, taking six of these strands to make one thickness of the required length. The device of the little porcelain rings is to show when a thread breaks, for then it falls, and thus makes known the fact to the man at the wheel without delay. There is something fascinating in these primitive methods, for they show the processes of mind by which man came up from his childhood in the ages long ago. To be without steam power seems to us to-day as the distinguishing mark of a race still in its childhood.

### No. 3. Silk Weaving.

After many boiling processes, the silk, soft and pliable, comes to the hand of the old weaver and his wife, a quaint-looking pair. For weeks they labor setting these silken threads in the loom; one by one, in the most primitive fashion, regardless of time, they have been placed and stretched across the bamboo poles. It makes a pleasant noise, as he works, flinging in and out the shuttle, and turning out the mesh of crape—that softest, most delightful fabric of the feminine form.

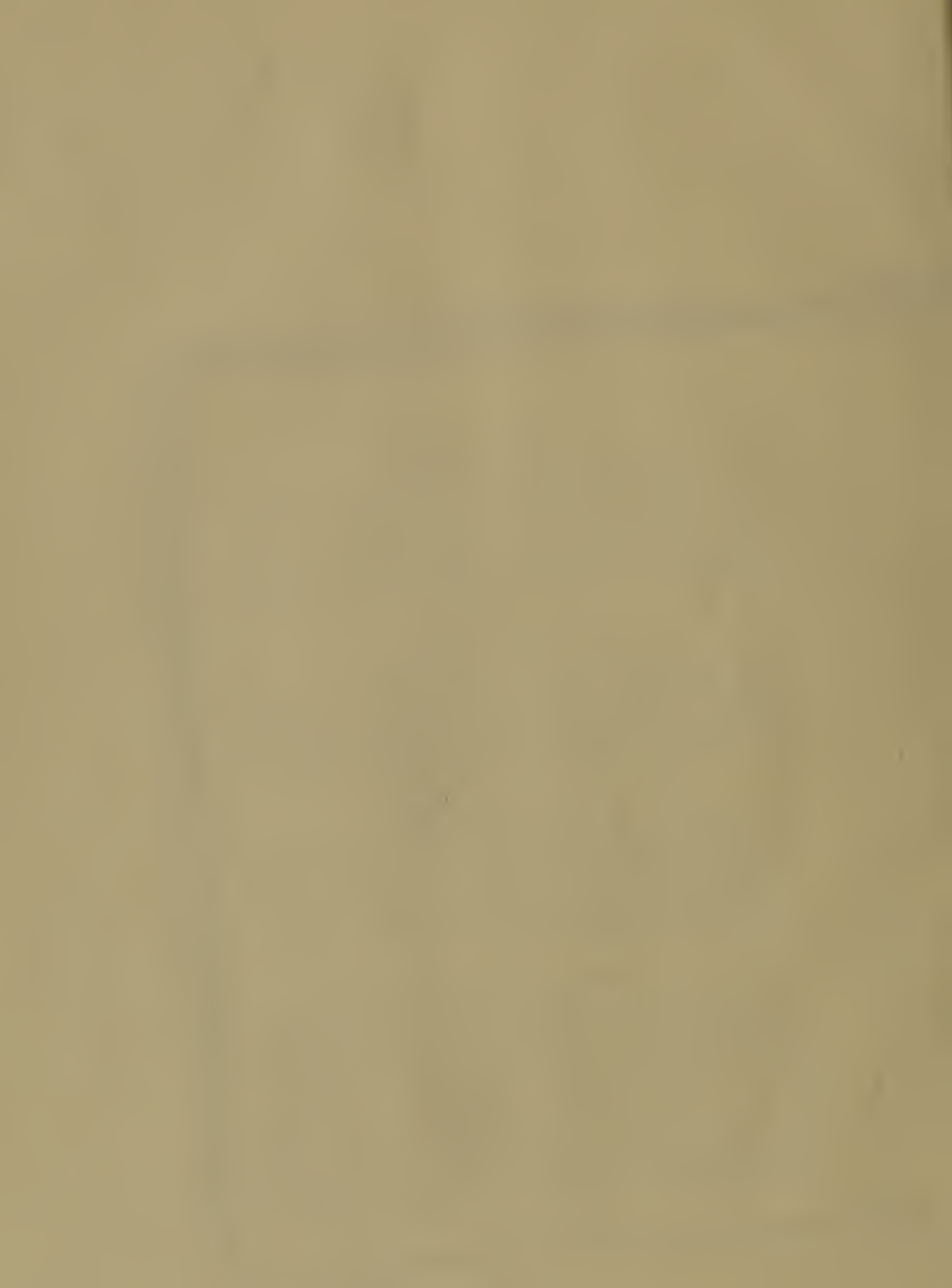
### No. 4. The Kakemono Painters.

The meaning of "Kakemono" is "hanging thing," or, in other words, "picture," and is applied to the decorative designs and panels made upon silk gauze for wall or window ornamentation. Most delicately painted are these views: a sleepy bird in a tree here, a well executed thatched cottage there. In this booth is to be found a pupil of the European school who paints in oils, landscapes, portraits, etc., etc.

Portraits are painted on either silk or canvas, from photographs, and one can appear in the painting in Japanese costume, if so desired.

### No. 5. The Barber and Lady Hair Dresser.

Very obliging is the Japanese barber of the little village play. Whenever an exhibition of his art is desired, and no customer appears, he produces one to order. The tailor being a handy man, is often called upon, and, being something of a wag, takes his place and submits to the process for the benefit of the bystanders with a grimace and a joke. The barber goes to work with a tiny razor and an invisible lather, and makes haste slowly. The crowd stop a moment, laugh at the unconcerned manner of the two men, and pass on. Straying by, after a while, they observe that the process still continues. They pass on to the other booths, and in time return once more. The barber is still at work. With him the hair brushing is a ceremony of itself. If this is the Japanese method in general, it is no wonder that as a race they have such great heads of hair; and this, added to the fact that they wear no hats, may





account for its heavy growth. Sometimes it is a Japanese woman who comes to have her hair dressed by the lady hair dresser, or to be shaved by the barber—an invading of the realm of man as yet unknown to us, with all our progressive ideas.

### **No. 6. Shinko Zaiku.**

#### **Rice Ornament Maker.**

This is one of the most interesting sights of the Village, especially to the children, for with marvelous rapidity the expert worker in rice makes flowers, fruit, animals, etc., imitating Nature so closely as almost to defy detection.

In Japan the Shinko Zaiku is always followed by crowds of admiring children.

### **No. 7. Doguya or Curio Store.**

This department is devoted to the sale of ornaments, curios and mementoes made by the inhabitants of this little Village during their leisure hours, and the proceeds are given to the makers.

### **No. 8. Archery.**

Here is to be seen a collection of great bows and feathery arrows. These constitute the outfit of one of the most famous archers of the day. Tobaii Fusakichi; and, when called upon to give evidence of his skill, poses and poses, with nothing less than a theatrical sense of the occasion.

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## **HORTICULTURAL \* UPPER \* HALL.**

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### **No. 9. Silk Embroidery Department.**

After the silk has been reeled and woven, then it comes to the embroiderers' nimble fingers for the ornamentation which seems to be the ruling passion of the Japanese race. Here it is worked up into screens, panels and even dressing robes, suitable for ourselves. Observe the dexterity with which the head man pencils out his flowery ideas, while some designs are cut in paper and basted into place. With silken threads of brilliant hues, fresh from the hand of an assistant, the embroiderer takes his place at the frame, and slowly beneath his fingers grows a silken fairyland of flowers and birds and mystic scenes. The shades are beautifully chosen for this race excels in blending of hues, having an Oriental eye for gorgeous color effects.



## No. 10. Bishu Porcelain Decoration.

This is the clear porcelain of Japan, which compares with the French, and is made to order here, with the delicate tracery and dainty design distinctive of its own kind. Here is being made an exquisite dish for the Governor's wife—the surface covered by a golden, lily-shaped blossom, exceedingly beautiful. All through this ware may be seen the recurrence of this lotus, in different designs—sometimes a side view, sometimes in bud, sometimes in full glory—a graceful, swaying flower of tropic splendor. The ornamentation of Bishu ware is done with a peculiar finish—the feathers of a bird or the veining of a leaf being represented with almost divine patience.

## No. 11. The Tallors.

There are some queer things connected with Japanese sewing. This bronze figure, with his lap full of crape, sits and slides his needle through, much as we put in a drawing string. In a straight seam he wastes no time drawing the needle out at arm's length, but keeps it sliding through the cloth with considerable dexterity, meanwhile making use of his feet to hold the cloth in place.

Another point in which the Japanese differ from us, is that they consider white basting threads as very ornamental to a garment, and so never draw them out, but go around proudly revealing these bastings, blissfully unaware of our desire to inform them that in this country, according to our legendary lore, it is a sure sign that the garment is not yet paid for. Upon the wall hang the Kimonos, or national costume, in either silk or cotton—a comfortably fashioned garment for home wear, even in our land—being free and unconstrained, and worthy of the study of our dress-reform people. Its possibilities in the way of beauty have already been discovered—Mrs. Langtry having made a sensation when she returned from San Francisco to London with several of these costumes, which she wore most gracefully. And the chief attraction in the comic opera of "The Mikado," is this sudden discovery that the Japanese costume is capable of great beauty as a matter of adornment.

These garments range in price from five dollars for a cotton robe, to fifteen dollars for a silk one.

## Nos. 12 and 13. Shippo, or Cloisonne Manufacturers.

There is nothing in the line of pottery, possibly, that is quite so fascinating as the ware called "Cloisonne" by the French, and "Shippo" by the Japanese—who, being the originators, should be entitled to give it a Japanese name, which ought, by right, to obtain precedence over that given by the French. To enter upon the study of its manufacture, we must first hunt up the man who prepares the original forms of vase or plaque—and we can trace him easily by the sonorous clink of his hammer.



## The Coppersmith.

A weird creature is the coppersmith—fit fashioner of this marvelous blue-enamelled ware. For he it is who cuts and molds the copper sheets into form, and binds the edges and supplies the little rims upon which it rests. He draws forth his anvil—a rough log with a bent bar of iron thrust in, having only a few inches of polished surface at the end—upon which he shapes his work. In a vase he deftly draws the edges of the copper together, in the fashion called “dovetailing,” and, when hammered, the joining can scarcely be detected. A process not always visible to the casual visitor is when he places the copper plaque in the midst of the coals and blows it to a red heat; one hand on the bellows, with the other he waves a great palm-leaf fan in the air, just above the bed of coals, which soon make it a lurid mass. The coppersmith is a fantastic figure, waving that fan over his forge—something like a theatrical gnome engaged in the weaving of a spell.

When fused to his satisfaction he picks it out, and, when cooled, hammers it bright again, and hands it over to the next worker.

## The Shippo Designer.

This man is an artist of skill and genius. He takes the copper vase or plaque and draws upon it the thousand-and-one teeming fancies of his brain—the delicate and multitudinous tracery of a Japanese imagination. Then the next Shippo-worker places his spell upon it, which is one of the most interesting of all the arts. His skill lies with brass and copper wire, which he clips into tiny bits, and pinches into yielding shapes of tendril, petal and ornament, in a sort of outline drawing, carved in daintiest serpentine, and following the design laid out. When he hands this out for inspection, it is seen that these tiny brass and silver curves adhere to the surface of the vase by means of a kind of cement, and that they stand up from its surface in a sort of filigree work. Exquisitely beautiful are these designs, though scarcely discernible to the uninitiated. Sometimes it is a bank of lilies and rushes; another a view of the Sacred Mountain of Japan (Fuji-yama), then a faint village scene from a distance; while above, in the border, is coiled the mythological dragon, and an intricate ornamentation finishes the base below.

After the wire process is finished, then it is fused; then follow the coatings in enamel in the different colors, fused six times in this process. The chief interest lies, at this time, with the foreman, who is in possession of the mysteries of Shippo or Cloisonne manufacture, and who mixes the enamels and colors according to his secret knowledge. To the polisher is finally handed a vase or plaque with a rough, blue surface, giving no hint of the beauty beneath. Hour after hour the polisher patiently sits, with an absent look on his face, polishing, polishing, as though there was nothing else to be done in a life-time. But gradually the roughness disappears, and there is displayed all the perfection of design and color. The coppersmith, the designer, the wire-worker, the filler, the mixer, the finisher—in all, the patience and skill of six men—are required to produce one of those marvelously beautiful pottery gems; the time, about fifty days.





## No. 14. The Ladies of the Tea House.

Very Japanese, indeed, from the picturesque point of view, is the bamboo-house, with its thick, soft matting, and pot of tea boiling cheerfully in its box of coals. As the visitor advances, he is met by the pretty little woman with her shining hair and sweet smile, and offered a tiny cup of the Oriental beverage. All the romance of this domestic drama centers in this bamboo bower. Here are the real representations of the

"Three little maids from school,"

and the chorus, who doubtless have many a little comedy of their own. Some of them have families, presenting the comical sight of a tiny mother, the height of a good sized girl of ten or eleven of our race, carrying on her back a plump little bronzed cherub.

Outside are the straw shoes, dropped before entering, according to Oriental custom. Even the four-year-old who ventures in, stops an instant to let them fall; and then as dexterously slides into them again when going out.

Very pretty, even to our ideas, are several of the satin-skinned little women who make this bamboo bower an attractive place. As a race, they are naturally inclined to pose, and here are to be found the most picturesque attitudes, which, if they could be introduced into the opera of "The Mikado," would make it of intrinsic value from a realistic point of view. Sometime the dainty little Japanese beauty of the Village stands in the doorway, gazing on the passing throng. In her sky-blue erape Kimono she is the very picture of unconscious grace. Doubtless her husband, the tailor, looks up from his Kimonos and Abies, and, seeing her there, rejoices in her Japanese loveliness. Sometimes young Western gallants feel a desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the pretty creature, unaware of the tailor or his proximity. Sometimes, when asking a question, they are dumbfounded at the merriment which takes possession of the circle of little women. They laugh in silvery strain, and bend and wave, until finally, in childish abandon, they hide their faces in their arms and make a sort of heap upon the matting.

"I only asked them what their names were!" repeats the young man in a state of bewilderment, and faintly aware that they must be laughing at him. This turns out to be the case—but the point must be left a mystery still; we are denied knowing the cause of their merriment, for the reason that when translated into English a Japanese joke loses all its essence. Nothing pleases them more than a book of pictures, from which they pick out different objects and ask the names, thus increasing their stock of English, which grows from day to day gradually. Occasionally it happens that a lady traveller, who has been in Japan, comes into their midst, and then much happiness beams upon their faces, as ideas are exchanged with feminine rapidity.

## No. 15. Rapid Sketch Artists.

In this booth is to be found Aoki, the lightning-sketch artist, who at a moment's notice, steps up to the stage and makes his pictures in quaint





designs, with lightning rapidity—finishing a sketch in fifty-six seconds—and, at the request of any of the visitors, will draw them a picture upside down.

### No. 16. The Bronze Modeler.

Here is the process of bronze modeling from its very beginning, executed under the eye of the visitor. First, the modeler gets the desired shape made in clay—vase, or whatever it may be. Then he goes patiently to work, and makes his designs for decorations, all of wax, which he lays upon the sides of the clay model with infinite skill. They are all made fresh and new for each successive vase, so that it rarely happens that any two are positively alike, while each of these fantastic creations of the Japanese artist's brain is evolved almost wholly from his inner consciousness. A dragon, with many quills growing from its head, horns, and protuberances generally ending with a snaky termination of body, is the favorite decoration of the Japanese artist, and is used in every device, in border, ornament, or body of the vase.

When covered with grotesqueries, then the whole thing is once again covered with clay, filling out each leaf, mingling in between the quills of the dragon—a most difficult process in point of deftness and patience—until it is a huge misshapen lump, giving no evidence of the brain-work within. When hard enough to handle, this seeming lump of clay is held in the fire and carefully turned. This process melts the wax within, leaving a hollow instead, answering to every little device of leaf or dragon, scale or quill. Into this hollow the molten bronze is poured, and when cooled the outer clay is broken off and the inner clay dug out—and, behold! the marvelous vase ready for the finisher's chisel.

### Bronze Finishers.

Here are metal workers, a bronze study in themselves. To them are handed the bronze in the rough, just from the casting, as they take them and carve them with various chisels and a tiny hammer, producing the feathers of a stork or the highest polish and finish of a vase, finally coloring with chemicals to produce the various tints desired. Here they do all varieties of this kind of work, from the tiniest stork or bit of ornament to the most magnificent piece, four feet high or more.

### No. 17. Potters.

Now we approach the mysterious realm of the potter, with a fascinating wheel and obedient mass of clay, responding to his faintest wish, and rising before him into mystic shapes at will. Around goes the wheel, and slowly beneath his wizard fingers rise the dainty shapes of vase or other ornamental forms, and before our very eyes he lets it fall into a wide-mouthed saucer shape, or draws it up into a long-necked vase. Then, after an almost unperceived movement, drawing a string beneath, where the vase joins on to the lump of clay, he lifts it off and sets it to one side, as if it were the commonest thing in the world. Then, in quick



succession, follow a myriad of little shapes, which, fresh from his hand, are given to the favored few clustering around. The influence of this infant vase in some childlike hand cannot be estimated; already the childlike brain begins to devise some method of making a potter's wheel at home to turn out just such lovely things as these. The worker in clay, who presides over the scene, is an adept in his art, and not only moulds Ota ware, but is an expert at Satsuma, Bishu, Kaga, and others. This Ota ware is made from a blended clay, from the vicinity of Yokohama, and the same specially used as distinctive of the ware made under the auspices of the Deakin Brothers, as a trade mark, in "Buena Vista Ota." Busily at work in front of the potter sits the designer of the ornamentation for their dainty shapes. How exquisitely he moulds the petals of a rose or the features of a bird! With the lightest touch he makes a fantastic head, or finest tendrill, even a realistic bush, or the ever-present dragon. He has no models or designs, only such as exists within his teeming brain.

### Ota Pottery Decorators.

Here sit the artists, busily engaged in adding the finishing grace to the work of the potter and designer. The process of the furnace has hardened and tempered the surface, which now awaits their magic brush. How deftly they lay on the tiny points in the many vivid colors, touching up the veining of a leaf or the feathers in an out-stretched wing! These Japanese are born artists; even the commonest laborer is skillful with the brush—but these are specimens of the very best workmen in Japan, some excelling in two or three branches of the art.

### No. 18. Screen and Kakemono Makers.

Here are two Japanese, busily engaged in constructing a frail foundation for a screen, making use of sharp, smooth nalls, made of wood, for the purpose. Upon this frame they place layer after layer of paper, until it is as strong as linen. Here are to be found sets of pictures made by the finest Japanese artists, suitable for the most exquisite screens. One series, with delicate, olive-tinted backgrounds, giving a twilight effect, includes among others, an exquisite lotus flower, a romantic pagoda, and a lovely village scene. Another series is a spirited study of birds—a duck, a fluttering swan, a hawk, a parrot and an eagle, boldly drawn. It is in this booth that all the delicate work of mounting panels and other ornamental devices is done with taste and skill.

### No. 19. Satsuma Decoration.

Here is a high degree of intelligence engaged in the minute details of this beautiful art. The decline of Kaga pottery has caused these workers to turn their attention to Satsuma, which is the finest ware in all the world, and for which there is now the greatest demand. Here are hand-work and gold-work combined—most precious combination! Observe



the fineness, the thousand varieties of fantastic imagery and decoration, like a sort of Japanese fairyland. How clearly the faces are portrayed on the figures that inhabit the surface of the vase or plaque! Even the hands are exquisitely outlined. What a world of patience must exist in an Oriental nature when he can devote himself to these details of ornamentation! It seems like a sublimation of the small and fine.

This is the royal ware of Japan. Observe the creamy color of the ware and the peculiar crackle finish. This is all done by the skillful potters, but it is left for the painters to beautify its surface by multitudinous decorations. First, the plain porcelain is designed in black, then worked with the brightest pigments and much pure gold, into its final glory. Observe the delicacy with which they touch the surface, and leave the delicate design behind; see the tracery growing beneath their deft fingers.

There is a bit of history in connection with Satsuma ware, which is not out of place here. Some 290 years ago the then reigning Prince of Satsuma made an invasion of Corea and conquered it. He discovered among the Coreans some remarkable potters manufacturing from their common clay, and remembering a fine bank of clay in the district of Satsuma, he induced a small colony of these people to go back with him and settle in Japan. These Coreans settled there, and began on this bank of clay, which is the only one of its peculiar kind thus far discovered. They thus became the originators of this most beautiful ware, with all its wealth of floral decorations, under the patronage of this Prince of Satsuma, and for many years the Satsuma ware was not placed on sale, but was given away as a special evidence of royal favor, and used exclusively by the Mikado and nobility. These Coreans intermarried with the Japanese, and their descendants are to-day working this bank of clay, though it has only been within the last few years that they have been naturalized and allowed to become Japanese citizens.

This bit of history was obtained by Mr. Frederick Deakin from one of the descendants of these identical Coreans, and contains some facts not generally known outside of Japan.

The cost of these exquisite gems of the potter's and decorator's art, varies in price from \$5 to \$5,000.

## No. 20. Wood Carving.

Nothing more unique and wonderful, to be born suddenly in the midst of conventionalized art, is to be found in any land than the wood carvings of human figures on exhibition amid these other art treasures. They are faithful representations of individuals in Japan, marvelous in anatomy, coloring and vital force. Out of all these conventionalized forms of art used for centuries, this new idea has sprung into existence in a single day. It comes from no school, and is merely a sporadic outgrowth in the genius of one man. He it is who has originated and developed it in all its realism and vitality. Already have imitators of certain forms arisen, but there is only one who can produce them originally. Physicians and others who have made measurements declare that the anatomy of these figures is perfection itself, while we ourselves can see the in-





dividuality of each is distinct and in perfect harmony. The genius of this Japanese wood carver places him in accord with Western ideas of art in thus producing forms allied to Nature's self; but even in our civilization there can be found no parallels for these small, exquisitely finished figures.

The first represents a well-known basket vender of Tokio, and is a faithful counterpart in every particular, even to the facial expression. The second is a jhriksha-man, who travels from forty to fifty miles a day, and is a character well known to travellers in that part of the country. Observe the vein in the neck and the cords of the leg; it is so remarkably faithful to life that it seems as if it were a photograph in wood. Another is of the boatman in his *sampan*, in which he rows passengers ashore from the incoming steamer—a perfect model of both. It is not a mere representation of a Japanese boatman, a toy for children, but a finished piece of art, worthy of study and admiration.

More wonderful still are the studies of the Aino, the aboriginals of Japan, whose descendants to-day are to be found in Yesso, the extreme parts of the island, living in a rude way, hunting and fishing. Although represented as a wild sort of creature, with hairy growth, yet the human strain is preserved in that they exhibit the feelings and strong passions of the ordinary mortal. In one the emotion of fear is exhibited in every muscle and pulse of the body—he is in the power of a serpent and unable to escape. In another, the Aino is the living picture of "Startled," and springing from his hiding place in a shell to see what the matter may be. This idea is marked over the scene in every point of pose and expression. Another is an imaginative scene of an Aino, captured by a monster of the deep—a typical picture of "Horror," for even the monster has a human look in the eyes of fish-blue—it is a human horrible. The cords and tendons of the Aino stand out, and the eyes have a horrified look, while the whole body is expressive of sudden terror. The artist must be endowed with a marvelous sympathy to endow these bits of wood with human passion to such an extent that our own sympathies are aroused, while the archaeological value of such an art as this to future generations cannot be estimated. The only fear is that they are not imperishable, and that some accident might reduce them to ashes. At present they have no value whatever; it will only be in the lapse of time, when the hand and brain that turns them is forever stilled, that their real value will be computed. Besides these are masks of grotesques, the King of Devils, and others. That mild, fascinating face, with dimples, red hair and inviting smile, as it were an ideal of self satisfaction, is the Japanese Bacchus, Shoji, who lives in the sea, but comes up at stated times for wine, of which he is very fond, and which is always left out for him as a propitiation. As the Japanese get very rosy-cheeked themselves under the influence of wine, they have pictured Shoji as red-faced and red-haired also. Even the tiny masks are handled in the most marvelous manner. As an art, this Japanese wood-carving stands a thousand years removed from the drawing and painting by the same race. The only wonder is it should be so sudden—the only fear that it may prove to be sporadic.





## —+ FINALE +—

"As polite as a Japanese," is an expression already being formulated among us, and falling from lips daily, as a result of coming in contact with the courteous artists and artisans of this little village. Perhaps it might not be so flattering to know what they think of us. Indeed it would not be strange if the potter at his wheel should have some very queer ideas of the greedy little hands held out and waved under his very eyes for "just another vase." Even the daily work of the Japanese is surrounded with pretty little Oriental customs, one of which cannot fail to affect us strangely. It occurs at the opening hour, when all are gathered to begin their labors for the day, and also at the close, when the burden of the day is over. The hour has come. A sudden clang fills the air. From the booths comes up a sudden clapping of hands, their polite response of welcome, both for the hour of work and the hour of rest.

Verily, this clang of the Oriental gong, and the responsive clapping of Oriental hands, makes a fitting finish to the "Domestic Drama of Japanese Life."

ELLA STERLING CUMMINS.

SAYONORA.

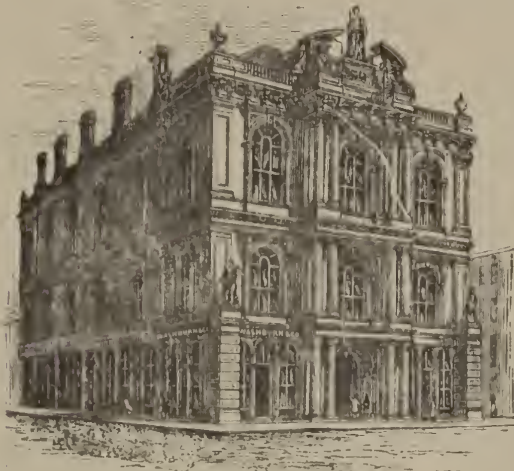


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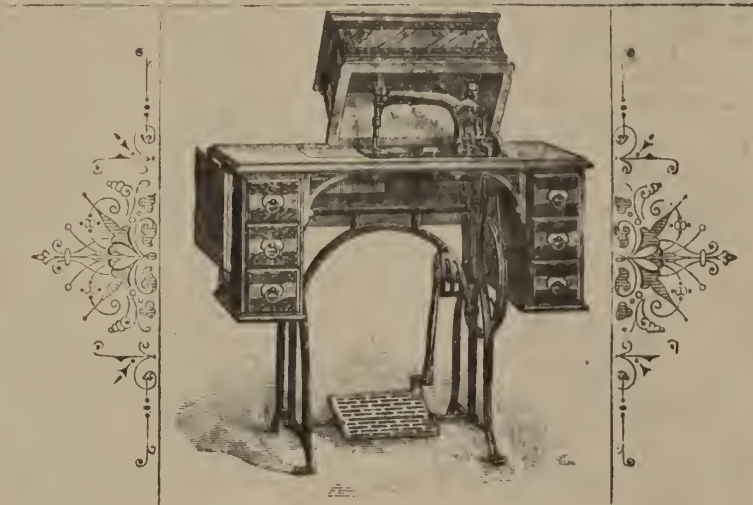
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